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Fathers Got 'Em

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FATHER'S GOT 'EM.

Sung by **FRANK SEELEY.**

Years ago poor father had sunstroke, and it drove him mad,
Ev'ry now and then he'll go off his Onion, don't you know.
Yesterday he killed our cat with a blooming cricket bat,
When to smother me he tried, mother and us children cried

CHORUS.

Father's got 'em—father's got 'em,
Got the Hycumflukus on the brain;
He's sitting on the copper,
Sharpening a chopper,
Father's got 'em coming on again.

All the chairs he's been and broke, cut the tail off Thompson's moke;
Made poor mother wash her feet in the saucepan—what a treat!
He got hold of sister Sue, tried to shove her up the flue;
Went and rushed into next door, set fire to the house—oh lor,

CHORUS.

Father's got 'em—father's got 'em,
Got the Hycumflukus on the brain;
He's counting all the stitches
In his Sundeey breeches,
Father's got 'em coming on again.

With a pipe, upon my soul he blows bubbles from a bowl;
Then a pickaxe in his hand smashing up the washing stand;
He's torn up all mother's clothes, dislocated her poor nose,
Made us all go down and swear that we'd sign the pledge—so there

CHORUS.

Father's got 'em—father's got 'em,
Got the Hycumflukus on the brain;
He's underneath the table
Singing—Darling Mabel,
Father's got 'em coming on again.

Our two lodgers, Jones and Woods, they are shifting out their goods,
And the neighbours left and right cannot go to sleep at night,
On the window ledge he squats, chucking out the flower pots;
One fell on a copper's head; up he flew, and we all said—

CHORUS.

Father's got 'em—father's got 'em,
Got the Hycumflukus on the brain;
He's walking round the houses
Without his coat and trousers,
Father's got 'em coming on again.